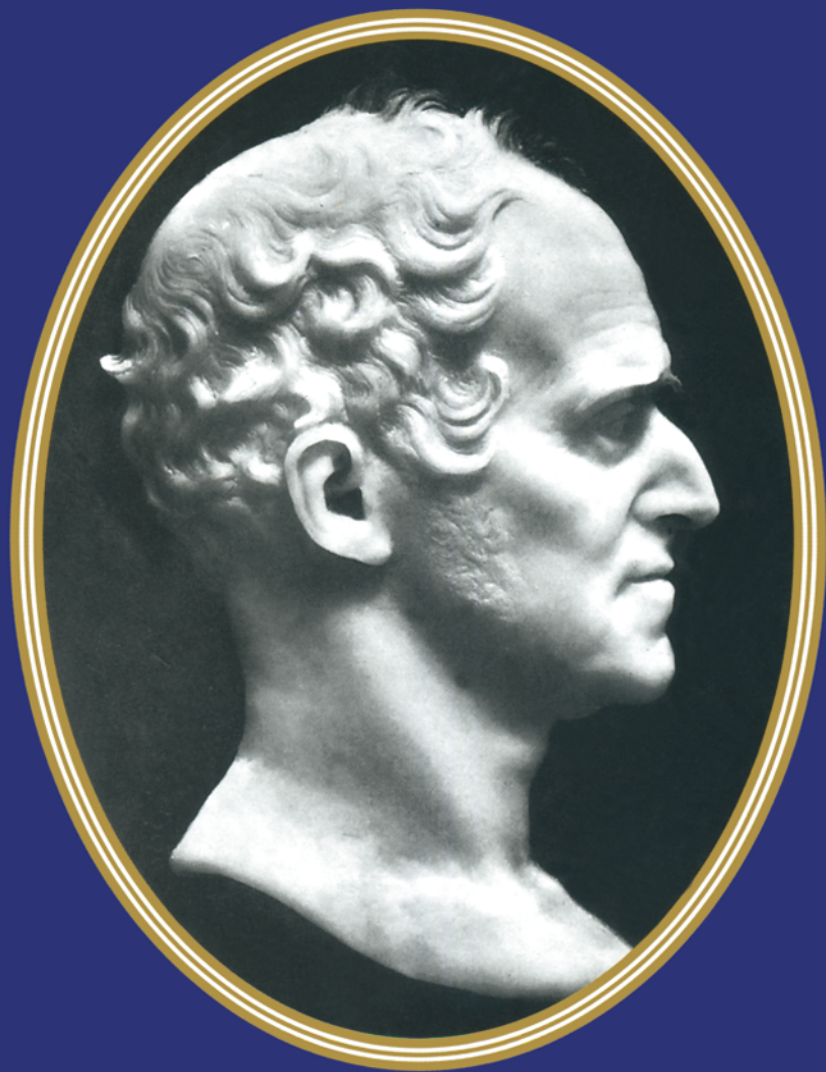


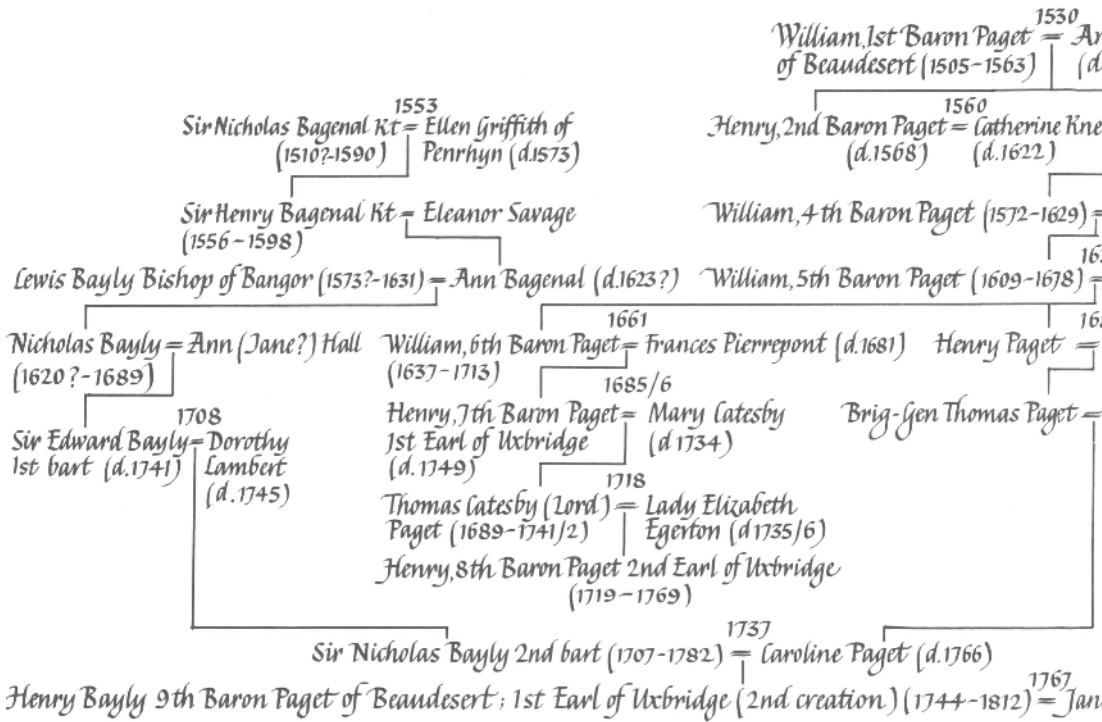
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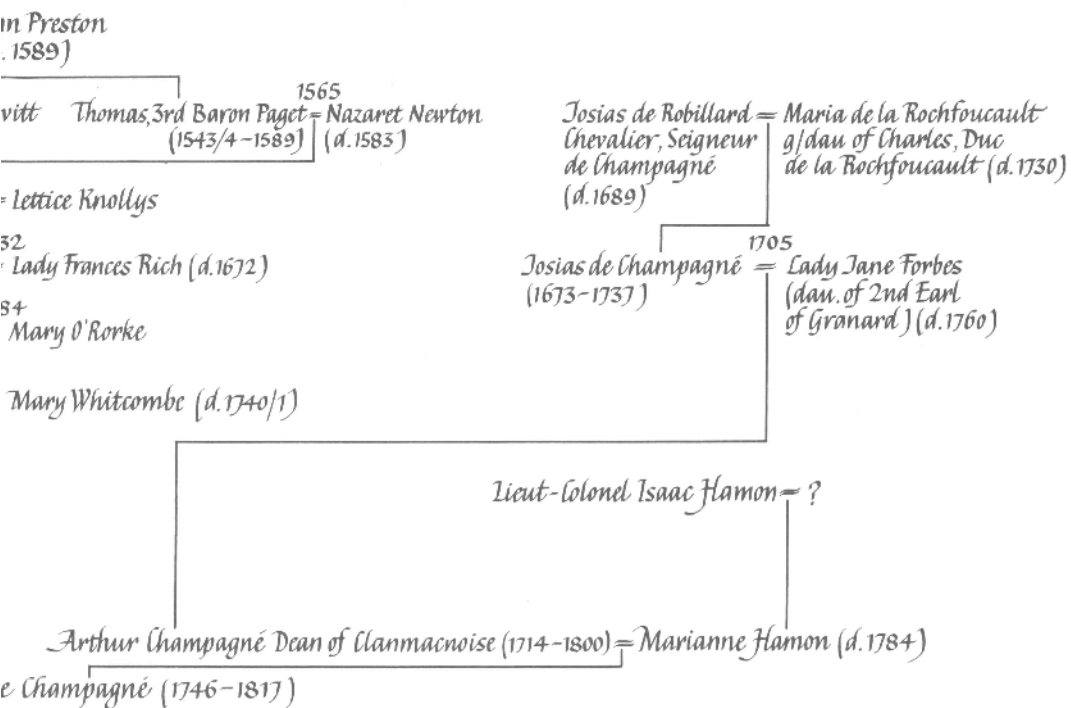
*The Life and Letters of Henry William Paget,  
First Marquess of Anglesey, R.G. 1768-1854*

**The Marquess of Anglesey** ES.A.

GENEALOGICAL TABLE I showing the p



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ONE-LEG

*By the same author*

THE CAPEL LETTERS, 1814-1817 (CAPE, 1955)

SERGEANT PEARMAN'S MEMOIRS (CAPE, 1968)

LITTLEHODGE (LEO COOPER, 1971)

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VOLUME 7: THE CURRAGH INCIDENT AND THE  
WESTERN FRONT, 1914  
(LEO COOPER, 1996)

# ONE-LEG

The Life and Letters of  
HENRY WILLIAM PAGET

First Marquess of Anglesey  
K.G.

1768-1854

by  
THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY  
F.S.A.



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TO  
THE MEMORY OF  
M. A.  
WHO FIRST  
ROUSED IN ME  
AN INTEREST  
IN MY  
GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER

## SUMMARY OF THE CHIEF EVENTS

IN THE FIRST MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY'S LIFE

<i>Master Bayly</i>	<i>aet.</i>	
Birth	0	1768
<i>Mr Paget</i>		
Westminster School	8	1777
<i>Lord Paget</i>		
Oxford	16	1784
'Grand Tour'	18	1786
M.P., Caernarvon	22	1790
Raising of 80th Regiment	24	1793
Netherlands campaign	25	1794
First marriage	26	1795
M.P., Milborne Port	27	1796
Lieutenant-colonel, 7th Light Dragoons	28	1797
Helder campaign	31	1799
Colonel, 7th Light Dragoons	33	1801
Major-general	33	1802
Lieutenant-general	40	1808
Corunna campaign	40	1808
Elopement	41	1809
Walcheren campaign	41	1809
Divorce	42	1810
Second marriage	42	1810
Death of his father	44	1812
<i>Earl of Uxbridge</i>		
Waterloo campaign	47	1815
Created Marquess	47	1815
<i>Marquess of Anglesey</i>		
Knight of the Garter	50	1818
General	51	1819
Master-General of the Ordnance (1)	58	1827
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (1)	59	1828
Recall from Dublin	60	1829
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (2)	61	1830
Visit to Russia	71	1839
Colonel, Royal Horse Guards	74	1842
Master-General of the Ordnance (2)	78	1846
Field Marshal	78	1846
Death of Lady Anglesey	85	1853
Death	85	1854

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 ‘The Regent’s bomb’, a giant mortar (or bomb), was uncovered on August 12th, 1816, the Regent’s birthday, on Horse Guards Parade. It was a gift from the Spanish Regency in memory of Wellington’s victory at Salamanca, after which battle it had been abandoned by Soult, who had used it to bombard Cadiz from the unprecedented distance of three and a half miles. A stand for it in the form of a monster intended for Geryon (the mythical Spanish monster-king), on account of his connection with Gades (Cadiz), was designed by Lord Mulgrave (Wellington’s predecessor as Master-General of the Ordnance) and cast at Woolwich Arsenal, Geryon symbolizing Napoleon overcome by Hercules (Wellington). See George (Mrs M. D.), *Catalogue of Political and Personal Satires ...in the British Museum*, IX, 1949, 696  
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In the possession of the British Museum

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Lithograph by Robert Seymour (1800?-36), from *The Looking Glass*, December 1st, 1830

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Lithograph by Robert Seymour (1800?-36) from *McLean's Monthly Sheet of Caricatures*, Feb. 1st, 1831

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'The Tinker'. Early in 1831 the Marquess of Anglesey issued a number of Proclamations designed to curb Daniel O'Connell's agitation for Repeal of the Union; these did not have the desired effect

Lithograph by Robert Seymour (1800?-36) from *McLean's Monthly Sheet of Caricatures*, Feb. 1st, 1831

Anglesey, wearing an old-fashioned artificial leg, holds a large pot, two of the holes in which he has mended with 'Proclamations' (*sic*); the pot, however, has sprung a third leak, and liquid is pouring from it. The handle of the pot terminates in the bewigged head of O'Connell. Anglesey addresses Lord Grey, the Prime Minister: 'Here Goody Grey I can do no good with your Irish stew pot as fast as I mend one hole another breaks out.'

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'"Good morning to you Daniel" – "Will I nat get lave to spake"?' In January 1831 Anglesey arrested O'Connell, who was given bail in the sum of £2,000 (see p. 248)

Anon., engraving (coloured impression), Jan. 23rd, 1831

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In the possession of the British Museum

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**Wax relief by Richard Cockle Lucas (1800-83), 1851**

**Presented by Anglesey to his son Lord Clarence Paget, in February 1852**

**In the possession of the National Museum of Wales**

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A.

Plas Newydd,  
February 1961

ONE-LEG

## NOTES AND SOURCES

The *alphabetical* references in the text of this book relate to the substantive notes (pp. 343-87). The *numerical* references relate solely to sources and dates (pp. 393-413).

PART I

— \* —

CHAPTER ONE

Deliberate maturelye in all things. Execute quyckelye the Determyinations.  
Do justice without respecte... Be affable to the good and sterne to the evill...  
Thus God will prosper youe, the King favour youe and all men love youe.  
*William, 1st Baron Paget to the Earl of Hertford (temp. Henry VIII)*<sup>1</sup>

FIELD MARSHAL HENRY WILLIAM PAGET, first Marquess of Anglesey, K.G. — referred to by his descendants as ‘One-Leg’ or ‘the Waterloo Marquess’ — was known for the first of his eighty-five years as plain Master Bayly. On April 11th, 1767, his father, Mr Henry Bayly, son and heir of Sir Nicholas Bayly, an obscure baronet of Scottish, Welsh, Irish and English extraction,<sup>a</sup> took as his wife Miss Jane Champagné, who was descended from two families of French Huguenot refugees and an Irish earl.<sup>b</sup> At the time of their marriage,<sup>c</sup> Jane was twenty-two and Henry twenty-five. One of their daughters writing twenty-one years later described the circumstances of what was clearly a love-match. ‘When Papa married Mama,’ she wrote, ‘he was only a Lieutenant in the Army... Tho’ loved to a degree by his mother, not a favorite with his father, who was violent against his marriage, he *did* marry... Mama too was as *determined* as possible, for the whole family were teasing her to marry another person.’<sup>d</sup>

Henry Bayly, who was far from being wealthy, had every reason to hope that before long he would become so, and within twenty years of his marriage his most sanguine expectations had been realized. In middle age he found himself one of the richest peers in the country, possessed of immense territorial and parliamentary interests. To understand the circumstances of this remarkable transformation it is necessary to go back to the year 1549, when William Paget, one of Henry VIII’s ‘New Men’, was created Baron Paget de Beaudesert.<sup>e</sup> To make sure of his succession (though he had four sons) the first baron contrived that his peerage should be transmittable through the female line in the event of the male line dying out.<sup>f</sup> This in fact happened two and a half years after the Baylys were married, for on November 17th, 1769, the eighth Baron

Paget died unmarried and intestate.<sup>e</sup> This insignificant bachelor had a distant cousin, Miss Caroline Paget, who by her marriage to Sir Nicholas Bayly became Henry Bayly's mother. Though Caroline Bayly had died in the year before her son's marriage, she was the link through which the barony passed to him. (See Chronological Table I.)

Thus three years after their wedding, by a tortuous line of descent, Mr and Mrs Henry Bayly found themselves Lord and Lady Paget. Nor was the barony an empty title, for the material rewards of a career such as the first Lord Paget's were great. Not only had he acquired the lucrative spoils of the dissolved abbey of Burton-upon-Trent, but, at the hands of his royal master, he had received substantial grants of land and money elsewhere. Henry Bayly, when he became ninth baron, succeeded to a splendid heritage. Not least of the good things which fell to him was the mansion of Beaudesert, built on the edge of Cannock Chase. Queen Victoria, talking to Lord Melbourne of the origins of the great names of her day, thought Paget sounded Norman, but her Prime Minister had another view about the family name. "Their ancestor," he said, "asked to have a *patch* of land, which was this great Beaudesert, and it was given to him, but they said to him, "You must call yourself Patchet." <sup>4</sup>

\* \* \*

Eleven years after his first accession of rank and wealth, the new baron found himself master of a second fortune. In 1752 a wealthy West Country landowner by the name of Peter Walter<sup>f</sup> made a will which provided that in the event of his own line failing, all his possessions should pass to the heir of Sir Nicholas Bayly. Why he should have done so remains a mystery to this day.<sup>5</sup> Nevertheless, when his only surviving brother died without male issue in 1780, the strange terms of Peter Walter's will were put into effect, and Henry Paget came into extensive lands in Dorset and Somerset.<sup>6</sup> Two years later, on the death of his father, Sir Nicholas Bayly, he succeeded, at the age of thirty-eight, to the comparatively modest estates in Ireland and North Wales which went with the baronetcy. The total territory which now was his was of the order of a hundred thousand acres. Of these an important part was at this time yielding income out of all proportion to its agricultural value, for coal, lead and copper lay not far beneath its surface, and the end of the eighteenth century was not the time for neglecting such precious commodities.

In 1784 the earldom of Uxbridge, which had been created for the seventh Lord Paget<sup>n</sup> and had died out with the eighth, was revived for the ninth, and Henry Bayly's metamorphosis was complete.

\* \* \*

Of Master Bayly's mother, Jane Champagné, at the time of her marriage little is known. From later evidence it becomes clear that her husband made an excellent choice. The letters which she wrote to her family, preserved over many years, as well as numerous household accounts, always kept in her own neat, unhurried hand, show that she was gentle and pious, and full of intelligent common sense. In her offspring she inspired genuine affection and respect: the encouragement and tactful advice which she poured out for their benefit prove her to have been an admirable and influential mother. Nearly thirty years after her death, her eldest son, then aged seventy-seven, recalled that his 'excellent mother, wonderfully nervous as she was, was a Pattern' when her sons were away at the war; for the more they were exposed, 'the more I really believe she was gratified, and all this for the true love of us.'<sup>6</sup> In appearance she was birdlike: attractive rather than beautiful, with a slight, well-proportioned figure and easy, dignified carriage, her face marred by a too lengthy and pointed nose, which she was wont to describe as 'Gothic'. Her mouth was small and delicate, and the very large and intelligent eyes which dominated her face were topped by well-defined eyebrows. These were even more prominent in her husband, whose portraits show him to have justified Peter Pindar's couplet,

And he who lours as if he meant to bite  
Is Earl of Uxbridge with his face of night.<sup>7</sup>

His 'louring' looks and swarthy hue belied his character. All the vast opportunities which came his way failed to fire him with personal ambition. His outstanding characteristics (if so positive a term can be applied to so negative a man) were his lack of personal aspirations and his love of ease, though on occasion he could sacrifice both for the advancement of his sons' careers. He had, besides, a reputation for whimsy<sup>8</sup> and a dry sense of humour, both of which, no less than his disinclination for business and letter-writing, sorely tried his family and friends. There is a story handed down in the family which well illustrates his brand of humour. On one occasion, it is said, a son of the house took leave of his father at

Beaudesert and rode off to London. After some hours of fast riding he was overtaken by a groom, who asked him to return home at once upon urgent business. Galloping back as fast as he could, he entered his father's room — to be met with: 'Oh, my boy, you forgot to close my door.'

Lord Uxbridge's loyalty to his sovereign was unswerving. George III never had a more constant and unquestioning parliamentary supporter, for Uxbridge saw to it that the House of Commons seats of which he disposed were filled by relations and friends in steady support of the Tories. His personal friendship with the King, and Lady Uxbridge's with Queen Charlotte, were close: the stationing of Uxbridge's regiment of militia at Windsor over many years brought them into frequent contact. A further tie was a mutual love of music. This, in Uxbridge's case, led him on occasions to patronize promising young musicians, and to set them up in their careers. Among those he befriended was the composer and organist George Baker, who in his seventeenth year left his parents in Exeter to try to make a musical living in London. So as to attract attention, it is said, and being short of money with which to buy instruments, he collected a quantity of horseshoes of varying sizes and strung them across the street. One day Lord Uxbridge, who happened to be passing, heard him playing upon them and was so entranced by the boy's ingenuity and skill that he there and then took him into his household and arranged for his musical training.<sup>91</sup>

## ii

Being convinced how great your desire is that I should read this term, and conscious that I should in some measure make up for your goodness to me, I conclude with assuring you that I will exert myself.

*Henry William, Lord Paget, to his father, from Oxford<sup>10</sup>*

Henry William Bayly was born on May 17th, 1768, in the parish of St George the Martyr, London. Besides the fact that his name changed from Bayly to Paget before he was two years old, little is recorded of his early childhood. It seems that much of his time was spent between London and Kingston-on-Thames, at both of which places his parents kept establishments, his mother being five times confined in one or the other between 1769 and 1775.

At eight and a half he was admitted to Westminster School as a town-boy, and there he stayed, moving up from form to form in the conventional manner for seven years<sup>1</sup> until his matriculation at Christ Church,

Oxford, in 1784. This was the year of his father's elevation to the earldom: from then onwards he was known by the courtesy title of Lord Paget.

Early in life, while still at school, he settled upon a career for himself. Many years later he declared that he

'had ever a passion for the Navy at Westminster; every shilling I had went in boat hire, and old Roberts<sup>k</sup> trusted me so, that he kept a suit of sails of larger dimensions for me and for George Hobart, who had much the same taste. I tried hard to go to sea. Curzon, then a Midshipman, the present Admiral, was some years older than me. He was often at my father's. He drew ships and talked of his career till I was mad to follow him. But it would not do.'<sup>11</sup>

Lord Uxbridge felt that the Navy was an unsuitable profession for his son and heir, and Paget was considerably galled to see his younger brother William, when only fourteen, leave Westminster before him, to become a midshipman.<sup>1</sup>

At Christ Church, Paget spent less than two years. Only two letters from that period survive. In one of them, condoling with his father on some interruption 'of that domestic quiet which appears to you so sweet', he observes, 'My taste, I fancy, is either not yet properly settled, or else it is corrupted, as I generally find that a family living in retirement is melancholy; indeed most retirements, *Oxford excepted*.' Soon after leaving the University, without taking a degree (though, as was the custom of the day for noblemen's sons, he was 'created' Master of Arts), he wrote, in answer to a paternal lecture:

'It is very true that I am not a good scholar, that I have no great knowledge in the classics, and that my time at Oxford has been less employed, and less profitably than a person very anxious about me might have wished, yet I cannot reproach myself with that absolute ignorance, that averseness to knowledge that you express, and I must say that my desire has been and is very great to be well acquainted with the history of all, and particularly my own country, and that besides the pleasure which I have in acquiring that knowledge, I am still more inclined to it from the anxiety and kindness to me on your part, and the real necessity I am under of knowing its laws, etc.

'I am afraid your wishes are carried rather beyond that of my knowledge, and that you wish me to prove it by becoming a public man; I cannot say that that is, at present, my desire (rather otherwise), and that, from a motive less culpable (if at all so) than that of indolence.'<sup>12</sup>

## CHAPTER TWO

We stopped at Lausanne, and supped at the *table d'hôte*; where my school-fellow, Lord Paget, now the Marquess of Anglesea, sat opposite me. He seemed to wish to enter into conversation with me, and I am sure, I was more than equally anxious to chat over with him 'auld lang syne'; but *Westminster pride* allowing neither of us to make the first overture, we parted, as we met, in dignified silence.

*Frederic Reynolds, the dramatist, in his autobiography*<sup>1</sup>

**I**N the 1780s the education of an earl's eldest son was incomplete without a 'Grand Tour'. Shortly after leaving Oxford, therefore, Paget was packed off to the Continent with a servant, a courier, a travelling carriage and M. St Germain, his tutor. For over two years he remained abroad, doing the round of the Courts of Europe, seeing the sights and completing his studies. The letters which he wrote to his mother and father throw light on his character and interests at this early stage in his life.<sup>2</sup>

The first winter was to be spent in Lausanne, but at Strasbourg, on the way, there was an unforeseen delay. M. St Germain wrote to Lord Uxbridge to give the reason:

'You will undoubtedly be much astonished, My Lord, to receive still another letter from Strasbourg and to learn that we have stayed several weeks in a town where we intended only to stop a few days. I must tell you the reason. Lord Paget was so unfortunate, before leaving London, as to visit some female who had been recommended to him as a safe person, & this creature assured him most vigourously that the enjoyment of her person would never have any burning [*cuisantes*] consequences. He was so weak as to believe her but it was not long before he felt that he had been the victim of his imprudent credulity. He only told me about it a few days before our arrival in Strasbourg. This town contains a large garrison, and venereal disease is therefore common enough. I came then to the conclusion that there must be doctors there to whom it was well

known. No sooner was I out of the carriage than I ran to a banker of my acquaintance to beg him to give me the name of the doctor who had the greatest reputation for dealing with this kind of disease. He mentioned a Dr Lachans and praised him as one of the most honest & understanding men in France. I went to his house at once and brought him to Lord Paget after making him swear to give me his frank opinion of Lord P's condition and tell me if I could without danger take him to Lausanne where I should do well to put him in the hands of the famous Tissot. The doctor's reply, after examining Lord Paget, was that up till now he saw no symptom that might cause alarm, but he could not answer for certain, until, after several days of giving medicines, no dangerous symptom appeared. This reply decided me to stay on here & to entrust Lord Paget to his care. I have every reason to be satisfied. His remedies have had an entire success & every day he gets better & better and I have just this moment heard that in two days everything will be over. The doctor assures me on his honour that your son will then be radically cured & that five days later he can leave Strasbourg with complete peace of mind. I could not vex you in speaking of Lord Paget's disease before being able to console you with the news of his certain cure. But give no sign, My Lord, of knowing anything of what I have had the honour to report to you here for I have an idea that your son will confide in you in a day or two.<sup>a</sup> One is never really made wise but by one's own experience. I hope with my whole soul that what Lord Paget has now experienced will teach him for all time a good lesson & show him once & for all the nature of a whore! In God's name refrain from worry & count above all on my zeal & on my every care.<sup>b</sup>

This was a bad start, especially as from the first Paget found the constant company of his worthy tutor rather irksome.<sup>b</sup>

At the end of January 1787 M. St Germain sent a further report to Lord Uxbridge from Lausanne:

'Everyone here is most pleased with [Lord Paget's] good humour & his good manners. He spends some time every day in reading; he is attentive to his tutor's lessons. He comes with me regularly to the little gatherings in this small town. He seems not displeased with the supper parties given for us two or three times a week. And when there is no supper party, we come quietly back to our lodging

towards half-past nine & we talk till midnight. Fortunately there are no English here to disturb our rule of life.'

But luckily for Paget, not long after he had completed a spring tour of Provence, the calm dreariness of the Lausanne routine was broken. At Westminster, his two particular friends had been the Marquess of Worcester, two years his senior, and his younger brother, Lord Charles Somerset. These young gentlemen had embarked on their Tour some time after Paget, and he made strenuous efforts to persuade his father to allow him to get away from Lausanne so as to meet them. At the end of 1786 he had written: 'I have received letters constantly from Worcester and Somerset, who are now probably in Paris. I am sorry to say that nothing is more improbable than our meeting, according to the present plans of each party, as they are fixed at Dijon for some time; and that place, I fear, is not once mentioned in the whole course of my route.'

M. St Germain, aware of his charge's restlessness — and of the reasons — wrote that as Paget had made sufficient progress in French to be able to get on well in the course of his travels, he had proposed to him

'that we should start for the South of France at the beginning of March, as agreed between us in London. He asked me for time to consider the matter, he who until now had always shown a great wish to travel to Marseilles to await & join his brother [William] & Capt. Finch. I did not understand the reason for this change of fancy, but understood shortly afterwards when Lord Paget suggested a departure for Germany at the end of March in order to be at the reviews in Berlin at the end of May, a moment when his dear friend Somerset should also be there. This latter circumstance alone prevents me from falling in with his plan. I told him that I could not, without your consent, change anything in the plans arranged with you, My Lord, before our departure. Lord Paget answered that this was quite reasonable and that he would at once write to Lady Uxbridge on the matter.... He is patiently awaiting her answer and your commands.

'As a matter of fact it is of no importance whether Lord Paget starts by the French provinces or the German. The journey through this latter country is even more essential to a young man of good breeding. Its large & small Courts can furnish more amusement & more instruction. But in order that these Courts may instruct and

amuse, one must stop for a certain time. It is above all important that a young Englishman should not be there with one of his old schoolfellows with whom he will not fail to laugh at everything he sees, and conclude that everything that is not like London is a "*damned boar*". He must *travel* in Germany and not rush through it post haste. But the children of the Duke of Beaufort must rush all the time, because they should leave Rheims in the month of April and be back in England before the end of the year after visiting both France and Germany and having stayed in Paris for some weeks.

'Besides, you know, My Lord, the reasons why I fear the company for Lord Paget of Lord Charles Somerset, however charming the latter may be. He has certain tastes in common with your son which might turn out fatal to the destiny of them both. That for horse-racing for example. I have the impression that it is losing its hold over Lord Paget & it no longer, at least, forms the constant subject of his conversations with me. But this half-extinguished fire might well be re-lighted by the conversations of our dear Somerset. He has also another inclination, My Lord — you will understand me. One can control it well enough when one is alone but gives oneself up to it when one meets again the friend with whom one formerly enjoyed great adventures.

'I am touched by the tender friendship which unites these two lords and it ... is delicate & difficult to prevent them from meeting again. Weigh the arguments for and against, My Lord, and then take whatever decision seems to you appropriate.'

Lord Uxbridge replied that there was to be no change of plan, and Paget, writing on February 25th, 1787, for the moment gave up the struggle:

'Although I like M. St Germain much, and am with him on the best footing, yet it would have not a little contributed to my happiness to meet (now and then, at least, in travelling), friends, instead of being almost constantly alone with one whose misfortunes and extreme calamities in life must, necessarily, render him melancholy and triste. I could not help saying this to justify a little my request, but however unhappy the refusal may have made me, I shall here totally drop the subject.'

Nearly a year later he wrote to his mother from Vienna that he had the best opinion of his tutor, 'but you surely don't imagine that I can prefer him as a companion? He is now laid up with gout.'

M. St Germain, in a letter to Paget's uncle, the Rev. George Chamagné, showed much concern at the perpetual correspondence with Lord Charles.

'It is very difficult,' he writes, 'impossible, even — to stop this correspondence based on a similarity of age, birth, tastes & that pleasanter of ties, perhaps, & the most lasting, a childhood friendship. . . . I continue to be most satisfied with your nephew's conduct, and entirely so with his sentiments. He is frank, truthful, noble & generous. He loves Lord & Lady Uxbridge tenderly, and the fear of displeasing them, of hurting them, is a motive which I urge almost always with success to reclaim him from some little lapse or to keep him back from it. Yet all my efforts until now have been insufficient to awake in him any curiosity, any desire to educate himself to a reasonable extent. It is very rare that he stops even for a moment to examine any object, & this indifference breeds, inevitably, whims, sarcasm, boredom — a boredom that drives us often enough from some town before we have had time to explore it.

'Lord Paget puts also too much faith in his first impressions (this self-sufficiency, anyway, is natural at his age). If the first set of people among whom we chance to alight in any place is not agreeable, then Lord Paget concludes, irrevocably, that there is no other set there, & refuses to make the smallest effort. That means that we spend alone together almost every evening after the theatre. It is in this way that we spend them at Marseilles & we are here already for twelve days. We were introduced to the Governor, the Duc de Gilles, the most charming man in the world, but he is very deaf & his house is not, perhaps, very amusing — So our young man having made the discovery will in no case return there. Several other houses in Marseilles have been condemned & treated by him in the same fashion.'<sup>6</sup>

In August when he was at Lausanne Paget was at last joined by Worcester and Somerset — with unfortunate results, for he became involved in an escapade in their company which much upset his parents. On the 8th he told his father the story:

'My dear Father

'Lest report should have fallen into either extremity about our late singular adventures, I will briefly recount them to you, that you may contradict all false reports (if any there are) about our imprisonment; the cause &c &c.

'We had had races in the morning & on our return dined together, & leaving table in rather *more than ordinary* spirits, we walked about the town [of] Geneva some time; at last it occurred to one of those who lived in the country, that he, by applying to the first magistrate, might be able to procure the keys of the town (I must here say, tho' it's almost too ridiculous to mention, that we voted *taking Geneva*, but on the Centinels being very civil and good-natured it ended in our giving them money instead of attacking them). On asking then for the keys, the Syndic [chief magistrate] remonstrated with us on the impropriety of our demand & assured us of the impossibility of a compliance with our request. — We then (as report goes for I confess I don't recollect) abused him excessively & made a great noise so as very much to disturb his wife who was then ill — of which being informed, we all retired & were walking down the street, when a strong guard came to seize us, — (here they accuse [us] of having attacked them & of having knocked down several of them, not a word of which I believe to be true, for this simple reason that an armed centinel would never receive an insult, much less a blow, from unarmed persons — & we received no hurt from them;) they at length took us to the guard room, where having been some time & having made some disturbance at being detained as we thought unjustly, we were conducted to prison — examined at different times, kept as strict as any criminals, & at the end of six days released at the request of the Duke of Gloucester, who espoused our cause with great warmth. Nor did the Duke lay himself under any obligations to them in obtaining our liberty; he on the contrary, demanded that we might be put into his hands as brother to the King of England. So much for a very absurd frolick, but which is allowed by all, to have been treated with much too great severity.<sup>e</sup> I am aware of the uneasiness it may have occasioned you & my mother at the first relation of it. 'Tis this idea that has hurt me & made me feel much on the occasion. For the rest, I look upon it as a ridiculous rather than serious affair. We were at the Duke's last Saturday to thank him, &c, he rather laughed &

treated it as a trifling affair; he behaved most handsomely thro' the whole. Worcester, Somerset and I go there again next Saturday in our way to the Glaciers & the rest of Switzerland. I beg my duty to my Mother and love to my brothers and sisters and am my dear Father

'Your dutiful affece Son  
'PAGET'<sup>d</sup>

When his mother and father refused to take the matter as lightly as he did, he wrote to 'offer comfort' to Lady Uxbridge:

'tho' how to begin I know not, being ignorant . . . from what part of my conduct you have taken such alarm. If it is the riot and imprisonment, I have nothing more to say. . . . If it is from the set of men with whom you saw I was, . . . I can, I believe, comfort you by assuring you that mere accident allotted me (out of a party of 20) the gentlemen you allude to as companions in this unlucky adventure. . . . I cannot express the extreme pain and grief that I feel on this occasion, but it is all occasioned by the affection & regard I have for you & my father, and not from the cause or consequence of our riot.

'I feel that I have been guilty of an extreme folly, & have been punished like a malefactor.'

To his father he readily owned it 'to have been a mad absurd business, yet you will forgive me if I cannot see it in the very atrocious point of view you represent it in.' 'With respect to gaming,' he adds, 'I feel safe in assuring you that you will never have cause of complaint on that subject — but [as] to horseracing — I feel such an inclination as makes me afraid to pledge my word to you upon it, tho' at the same time I feel that I owe much to your opinion and wishes, to which I could much more easily make a sacrifice than to any pecuniary considerations.'

Meanwhile Lord Uxbridge had written his thanks to the Duke of Gloucester. The Duke's reply is worth quoting.

*'Chateau de Coppet  
Septbr. 8th 1787.*

'My Lord,

'I received the other day your letter of the 23d. of August. I return you my thanks for the manner you have Expressed yourself to Me, for the part I took in a late affair about My Lord Paget at Geneva. I

did only what I thought my Duty as an English Prince; I am exceedingly glad to have been of use to Lord Paget, and hope you will have certainly no more reason to be under any fear for any Youthful scrapes for the future. He spoke to me so feelingly and properly about it. The conduct of the Magistrates to me personally was very flattering and I told them I should represent it to the King as a mark of their Duty, and Attachment to him. I remain My Lord,

'Your's

'WILLIAM HENRY'

\* \* \*

As a result of many months at Lausanne and two tours in France, Paget was now more or less master of French ('I have so far gained ground in French that I know how ill I speak it; which, I think, is being very much improved') and was even embarking on a study of Italian ('It is said to be so easy a language that it may be learnt in three months'). Thus equipped, he set out for a year's sojourn in Vienna. 'Here I am,' he wrote at the end of November 1787, 'already launched into the *grande monde*, and acquainted with every lady without knowing a single name or even feature, for, so quickly was I conveyed through the circles, that not one visage has made the least impression upon me. I was presented, last Sunday, to the Emperor and the Archduke and Archduchess. I have been twice at Prince Kaunitz's and I dine there to-day.'

Paget's letters from Vienna show him to be increasingly aware of the charms of the opposite sex. He spent much time in the house of the Comte de Thun. 'Himself I have never seen,' he writes, 'but Madame de Thun receives people every night: no supper, no tea drinking, no cards, no formal circles; but a house open from the end of the Opera to one or two o'clock in the morning, where liberty and ease are uninterrupted. . . . She has three daughters who are handsomer and more agreeable than any three sisters in the world, I am persuaded.' Six weeks later he assures his father that he is 'not *in love* with any of them'.

Except for the de Thun salon, Paget soon tired of the social life of Vienna. As to the appearance of the city, it had 'the best possible. In my idea, it has much more the look of a considerable capital than either London or Paris; the entrance is very striking, as the road through the suburbs is extremely wide and most regularly built, and of an immense

extent. There is a great space between the entrance of the town itself and the suburbs, in order (in case of an attack) to be able to defend it.'

He was already much engrossed in military matters. The first and most detailed things he has to say about each new place nearly always refer to the fortifications or lack of them and to the composition and strength of the garrison. Of Lille he writes: 'This is one of the handsomest and dearest towns I ever saw, immensely fortified and well garrisoned, there being now here four regiments of infantry and two of horse.' Of Nancy: 'This is really the first town I have been at since I landed that is not fortified; what a wonderful number of troops, too, they have in them all. At Metz there are four regiments of infantry, one of Artillery, and two of cavalry, one of which consists of 1400 men; the artillery hit a small mark at an immense distance 24 times in 25; the bets were that they would hit it but 20 times.' The day after his arrival at Strasbourg he marvels that the Rhine 'five hundred miles from its mouth' should be 'nearly as broad as the Thames at Westminster. The bridge is made of wood and may be moved in an instant on a sudden alarm.' He then describes the garrison in detail: 'I have seen them manoeuvre all together. The Germans are the finest men I ever saw, all of an immense size and stout.'

Paget's interest in military affairs had nothing to do with the official opening of his career as a soldier. To his mother he wrote from Lausanne on June 6th, 1787:

'I must beg my father to procure me a commission in the Stafford [Militia]; for I feel much the want of an uniform & shall still more in Germany, as on all occasions where a frock is too negligée or a dress Coat too troublesome, an uniform comes in between & is perfectly proper. I am only sorry that I have not a better title to an uniform than as a *Militiaman*. Pray send me Buttons; I would not have a coat as I am somewhat changed in shape since I left England. I don't much taste the idea of a *Militiaman*.'

Lord Uxbridge replied that he would obtain for his son a commission in the Anglesey Militia. Paget thanked him, adding: 'I shall make up the Anglesea uniform *en attendant*. War I think seems less thought of than it was at least by the English; the newspapers say tho' that the King of Prussia is marching an army of 60,000 men into Holland.'

In Vienna the preparations afoot for war against the Turks were of particular interest to Paget. In January 1788 he wrote that the Emperor intended to join his army almost immediately



Jane Champagné, Lady Paget,  
mother of 'One-Leg' aged about  
36



Henry Bayly, Lord Paget, father  
of 'One-Leg' aged 38



Jane Champagné, Dowager Countess of Uxbridge in old  
age. From a drawing by her daughter-in-law, Lady  
Harriet Paget, said to be 'a wonderful likeness'

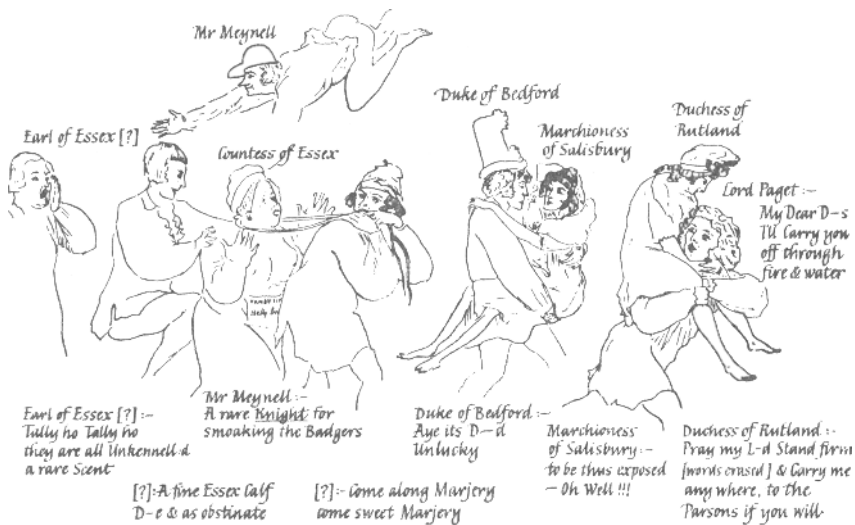


'but he has put it off, & it is even reported that a reconciliation is on foot. It appears to me very unlikely, as his preparations have been so rapid & determined, that he will certainly give up his pursuits with great reluctance. He has now an army of 162,000 men, — the completest & best established troops that perhaps ever marched — & with the 15 Battalions which are ordered to join them, he will have 180,000 men, close to Turkish frontiers. His regiments are of 1200 men, he has most of them 100 men overcomplete & some have even 300 above the complement.

'I should like very much to see a campaign here, as in England there seems to be no chance of a war — but the Emperor don't much like Volunteers.'

War was actually declared on February 9th, 'which however did not in the least damp the brilliancy & gaiety of the assembly that evening.'

'I received a famous letter from my Brother William the other day, he was then about to leave Smyrna for Leghorn, where he begged I would meet them, coolly assuring me that from Vienna to that place it was nothing of a journey & he adds "Besides that, it will be the finest thing in the world for you, for about that time the Turks & Russians commence Hostilities & I make no doubt but we shall see a good many actions & in short have a great deal of fun; you will never have such opportunity again for I think you are *the sort* to like that kind of fun. . . ." I confess that in the summer I should like to join them.'



Paget followed the progress of the war minutely, but 'all bad news is carefully smothered here & the good published with extreme pomp, consequently it is difficult to know what is really going forward; as yet nothing of consequence has been done.' In spite of the censorship, and the fact that letters were liable to be opened, he managed at the end of May to get the following through:

'The Emperor is cutting the very worst figure possible, he is almost at the foot of Belgrade with a most immense army, most perfectly supplied, and he does not stir a step — nobody can account satisfactorily for this delay — People choose to say that he is waiting in order to *defeat* the great Turkish army which approaches, and that then Belgrade will fall without a blow... If I could possibly get permission to approach the army, it would perfectly make up for the loss of the Berlin reviews — But I have very little hopes — Volunteers [the Emperor] protests against, & Visitors he receives most unkindly.'

Then, just before he was due to return home, Paget had a sad story to tell: '*My* Emperor is at a very low ebb. My letter would not pass were I to tell you the truth and my opinion. The Turks are the finest boldest fellows in the world — They give every day the most wonderful proofs of an universal intrepidity.'

'October 3d 1788. . . . Everything is in confusion here. The Emperor retreats and the Turks advance as speedily. . . .

'Never was such management, such injustice, such want of resolution as in a certain person; never such discouragement & such discontent as in troops. They will, however, soon be quit of these troublesome enemies, as in about 6 weeks all the Asiatick troops retire into their own country to spend the winter. Vienna is a desert, and half the people one sees are in mourning.'

At this time Paget made two excursions from Vienna, one into Hungary and the other to witness the autumn manœuvres of the Prussian Army at Neisse and Breslau. In Hungary he visited

'one of the most magnificent chateaus possible, belonging to the Prince D'Esterhazy. . . . He has an immense establishment and tho' economising to a great degree, spends about £50,000 a year. Those strangers who choose to be presented to him he lodges & receives

with every mark of attention & hospitality. Those who go incognito are furnished with carriages to see the Parks, Gardens &c. He has an Italian Opera & German Play who perform alternatively. The Theatre which is the most elegant and handsomest I ever saw he built himself. Tho' the Opera is not of the first rate, yet they are very tolerable — and the excellence of the Orchestra, of whom Haydn, the illustrious Haydn is at the head, makes great amends for the moderate Vocal Performers. He has a great collection of curiosities of all countries — and a tolerable Gallery of Pictures. I am no connoisseur but I found some strikingly good. All this I admire, but I cannot forgive the superfluous magnificence of having a body of Guards, in the midst of his own most peaceable harmless tenants. The Chateau is of an immense extent, he has capital rooms for 50 masters with their servants — I could not help remarking the overflow of Clocks and immense great Glasses — of the former there are above 400, many of which are richly set in diamonds. Notwithstanding all this Plasnewydd or Beau Desert are a Paradise to it, according to my taste.'

The Silesian Reviews he describes in detail and with enthusiasm, adding that he was

'greatly flattered with the unbounded civility and attentions that I met with. Fêtes, suppers & a ball were given to his Majesty [Frederick William II, nephew and successor to Frederick the Great, who died in 1786], which were most numerously attended. Every body then moved to the camp — And in the evenings — *open tent* was kept by the Princess de Hohenloe. An aide de camp provided quarters for the English — They were comfortable as much as a clean barn & plenty of straw could make them. We always dined with the Field Officers.'

\* \* \*

Paget's passion for everything connected with the sea and boats, already developed at Westminster, and to remain with him throughout life, intrudes into nearly every letter. He had not been long at Lausanne before he was complaining 'that there is not one pleasure boat on the finest piece of water imaginable'. 'How I should enjoy myself here if I had but the little skiff that I used to sail in when in Angelsea; but alas! that is a

pleasure they have not an idea of here. The chief amusement is card playing.' He was for ever pressing for news of his father's Anglesey yacht. 'I am very anxious to hear about the *Mona*, I hope that she did not lose her golden "druid and harp" during the Equinox; I rather suspect she has; I advised them to *take a spare one*.'

Horses were an equal passion — one he shared with many of his contemporaries. He was always anxious for news of horses and their riders, and for details of the hunting and racing events at home. To shooting he was not yet as attached as he later became: perhaps because he was not accomplished enough. At Treisdorf on his way to Vienna he went out shooting several times, '& had I not been the worst shot in the world,' he reported, 'should have made great havock... Lenox and myself after firing till our guns were hot, brought home one miserable hare, and that too with the assistance of a dog.' He was better as an athlete than as a shot, for when in Geneva he boasted that he had beaten 'the most famous runner in England, a *Mr Charles Parkhurst*. He gave 3 yards in 100, but started so much before me, that all people from our running say that I am as fast & good as him.'

## ii

... that cheerfulness the Pagets are so famous for.

*Queen Charlotte*'

The delights of Europe were not such as to prevent Paget from being happy at the prospect of returning home. From Vienna in February 1788 he wrote: 'Pray write me word when you expect me in England — I have not the least curiosity to see either Italy or Paris but wish very much to see you all.' His wish was granted at the end of the year.

Paget emerges from his Grand Tour a normal, high-spirited, non-intellectual Englishman, convinced of the superiority of his race and class, without affectations, and tolerant of foreigners (though by them, he reported, 'Englishmen are thought to be all mad to a certain degree'). While he hankers after the sports and occupations of home, his approach to the wonders of the Continent, whether the splendours of the Alps ('Mont Blanc has been lately conquered for the first time'), the magnificence of the Courts, or the precision of the Prussian cavalry, is always straightforward and level-headed. He had acquired fluency in French, a smattering of German and Italian, and had made acquaintance with those

in authority in Europe. Many years later he wrote: 'The first taste I took for the Army was attending the Silesian Review in 1788. I was particularly attentive to the cavalry. They then rode beautifully and manoeuvred with great celerity and precision. When I came home, I looked in vain for anything like it. I thought of trying my hand in that profession, but other occupation diverted me from it.'

General Donkin, a family friend, gives a charming picture of the family, a year after Paget's return, when for the first time Lord and Lady Uxbridge and their twelve children were all under the same roof for Christmas:

With theme that's noble, beautiful & great  
 At Beau Desert this eve I fain would treat;  
 And will attempt this Christmas eighty-nine  
 To sing the virtues of the Uxbridge Line;  
 The finest offspring that I ever saw,  
 In mind and person all without a flaw!

My Lord & Lady, a most gracious pair,  
 Father & Mother of twelve children rare!  
 The Sons are seven of heroick line,  
 The Daughters five: skilled as the Muses nine  
 In acts harmonious & in works divine.  
 Lord Paget eldest of this noble race  
 Form'd for the Council; soon will take his place  
 In Senate, and debate with manly grace.  
 William a seaman bold, a British tar,  
 Neptune's chief favorite thunderbolt of war!  
 Arthur the learned, fit for Church or law  
 Either to preach or plead or case to draw.  
 Perhaps no parents on the British Isle  
 Can shew or boast of such a glorious file.  
 Edward, with solemn mind and serious face,  
 Methinks in pulpit would become His Grace.  
 See Charles his brother in bold feats of sport!  
 Brownlow the youngest of this hopeful race  
 By none excelled but with the whole keeps pace;  
 Whose mind enlarges as his days increase;  
 An earthly cherub! Nature's Masterpiece!

The matchless daughters let me now define,  
 The first of these is Lady Caroline;  
 Then Ladies Jane, Louisa, Charlotte mild,  
 And Lady Mary a most beauteous child!  
 These five as graceful as the seven are brave!  
 What high delight must their fond parents have  
 To view twelve offspring lovely to behold;  
 Pleasure heartfelt beyond what can be told!

\* \* \*

At the earliest moment after his return from the Continent, Paget was introduced into Parliament. In the election of 1790, which returned Pitt to power with an increased majority, he was elected unopposed for the Borough of Caernarvon, where Lord Uxbridge's influence was unchallenged. Whether he even put in an appearance in the town is not clear, but there was, of course, no need for him to do so in any case. In 1796 he gave up Caernarvon and sat, instead, for the 'rotten borough' of Milborne Port, on his father's Dorsetshire estate. There he remained until 1804, when, because he '*decidedly and conscientiously* differed'<sup>9</sup> from his father on some political topic (probably connected with the return of Pitt to power in the place of Addington, or with the resumption of war with France), he gave up the seat.<sup>9</sup> He resumed it for the short Parliament of 1806-7, when Portland succeeded Grenville as prime minister, and remained in it until his father's death in 1812. It does not appear that he ever made a speech in the Commons in all the years of his membership of it, though his letters to his parents and brothers show that he had decided views on some of the great questions of the day.

### iii

The town talk of a marriage between the Duchess of Rutland and Lord Paget.

*Horace Walpole to Miss Berry (1791)*<sup>10</sup>

For a rich young nobleman, the years immediately preceding the start of the French Revolutionary war were the perfect background for a life of pleasure. Paget did not neglect them. On the shores of the Menai

Strait there was built for him his own yacht, and much of the high summer was spent in gratifying his ruling passion. The winters found him increasingly attached to the hunting-field. On Christmas Eve, 1790, a young friend dined 'at a *grand couvert* at Uxbridge House, where', he reported to Arthur Paget, 'Master and Mistress, Brothers and Sisters were all perfect in my eyes. I must not leave out', he went on, 'that we had the best dinner in the World. Paget set off at 9 o'clock to go and hunt the Lord knows where.... I think he seems to flirt with the beautiful Duchess of Rutland.' At a country house party ten days later the same correspondent reported that 'the Dss of R. cut no small figure as you may suppose. She and Paget were hard at it the whole time *ding dong*, but *où nous en sommes* I cannot make out... each one somehow or other seemed afraid of being jilted by the other; this I say is foolish, for both being of the same mind, a proper understanding ought to ensue.' Nearly a year later, the affair was still in progress: 'The Duchess and the Lord of P.', it was reported, 'go on still but they contrive to make each other wretched instead of happy.'<sup>11</sup>

Mary Isabella, Duchess of Rutland, was the youngest daughter of the 4th Duke of Beaufort, and the aunt, therefore, of Paget's friends the Marquess of Worcester and Lord Charles Somerset. Her husband, the 4th Duke of Rutland, had died aged thirty-four in 1787, leaving five children, the eldest of whom, by the time Paget fell in love with her mother, was fourteen years of age. In short, Paget, aged twenty-two, was in love with a widow of thirty-four. All agree that she was exceptionally beautiful and a woman of immense fascination. Paget was by no means the only young man who wished to marry her.

In 1791 there came out a scandalous newspaper called *Bon Ton*. One of the first stories it carried in its brief career gives a pretty picture of a prank in which Paget was a leading figure. Under the heading 'Amorous Conflagration — A Farce in Two Acts', there is given a *Dramatis Personae*, which includes, besides others, 'Duchess of R——d' and 'Lord P—g—t'. The scene is a hunting-box belonging to Mr Meynell, and it is supposed that the young Duke of Bedford and Paget, the one enamoured of the Marchioness of Salisbury and the other of the Duchess, 'to avoid suspicion of *design*', contrived 'to obtain a Fox-hunt with the famous hounds of Mr M—yn—l', and to secure invitations for the objects of their affections as well. The select party was to include for propriety's sake, besides their host, the good-natured and unsuspecting Earl and Countess of Essex. After the day's sport, all returned to the hunting-box where they were regaled with hospitality, 'and Mr M—yn—l,

to complete his kindness, appeared solicitous that the two ladies and their two Adonises, should repose there that night'; this, Lady Essex in her innocence seconded on account of the weather. At length, when all were in bed, 'the two expecting lovers, according to appointment, met in the parlour . . . [where] they had prepared a small quantity of gun-powder, and other combustibles.' To this they set fire,

'without any design but that of frightening the guests into a state of confusion favourable to their design upon the ladies; but, unfortunately, the quantity was more than sufficient and they were obliged to vociferate the danger, lest the house should be actually consumed before the inhabitants could effect an escape. Lord P——t, running up stairs, met the terrified Duchess in a state of *unadorned* loveliness, and securing her in his arms, carried her through the smoke to . . . a snug corner of an adjacent hayloft, where he immediately took care to prevent the possibility of her taking cold, by surrounding her with *his own clothes*.'

Young Bedford meanwhile had done the same for his Marchioness in an adjacent oat-barn, while Mr Meynell 'who having taken a cup too freely, happened to be the last alarmed', jumped from a window, breaking his fall upon a dunghill. 'As the stable was the most natural place for Mr M. to repair to', there he went and to 'his no small astonishment, *soho'd* the Duchess and her gallant protector in a situation both laughable and loving.' The fire was put out by the servants, but not before the wearing apparel in the house had been destroyed, obliging 'our heroes and heroines to remain *in statu quo*, until they could be accommodated by the neighbouring gentry.'<sup>12</sup>

Horace Walpole says that Lord Uxbridge forbade Paget to marry the Duchess, which is likely enough. Nevertheless, his name was still connected with hers as late as October 1794.<sup>13</sup> She in fact never married a second time, and died in 1831 at the age of seventy-seven.

## CHAPTER THREE

Lord Paget remains at Guernsey with his Regiment, and is much commended as an officer, having made it one of the finest Regiments in the Service.

*Lord G. Leveson-Gower, February 22nd, 1794<sup>1</sup>*

**S**EVEN months after the opening of the war with revolutionary France, Paget learned at Beaudesert that an expedition was to go to the Continent and that regiments were to be raised.

'The moment I heard it,' he wrote many years later, 'I jumped upon my horse and galloped to Ivy Bridge, from whence I rode post all night without stopping to Hertford Bridge. Then I dined and went by chaise into London. I instantly wrote to Mr Pitt [the Prime Minister] to beg to see him. He appointed the next day. I told him my anxiety to raise a Regiment of Cavalry. He received me most kindly, but told me Cavalry was not then wanted; that I might raise a Battn. of Infantry and have the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. I instantly closed with him [and] got my father's leave, who generously contributed everything that was necessary to effect the object.... Contrary to the practice of the day, my father was put to great expence in raising the Regiment. Many Commissions were given away, which in other hands would have been sold.'<sup>2</sup>

On September 12th, 1793, Paget obtained the 'Letter of Service' which gave him command of the battalion which he was to raise. It was to be known as the 'Staffordshire Volunteers', or 80th Regiment of Foot. His 'Conditions for young Gentlemen, above sixteen years age, getting Ensigncies' in the regiment included the furnishing of fifteen men, none of whom was to be

'under five feet six inches high, or upwards thirty years old, with a good countenance, straight, and wellmade. Each man to be carefully examined by a surgeon before he is attested.... Each recruit to furnish himself with four good shirts, two pair of shoes, a set of